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CAPE GIRARDEAU - - MISSOURI

INDIANS' DEBT-PAYING DAY

Annual Potlatch of Tribes, Custom of Years in British Columbia, Is Held.

An event of unusual interest to some 300 adult Indians was brought to a close on the reservation here by the singing of a song hundreds of years old, followed by a full dress dance in which eight husky lads played the prominent part.

For some three weeks past the natives have been gathering here. Indians from Cape Mudge, Comox, Victoria, Cowichan, Kok-si-lah, Quamohan, Clam-clem-a-lats, Musquim, Kuper Island and Duncan, with the Nanaimos have had the privilege of straightening up matters and paying debts of twenty years' standing as well as those of more recent date.

As the old people can neither read nor write they must perforce have witnesses to their business transactions.

While the Chinook word for "potlatching" means giving, it also carries the meaning of taking. While in some few cases "cultus potlatches," or free gifts, are distributed, in the main the money handed out or the blankets given are simply loans for the future or the payments of debts of longer or more recent standing.

An Indian's debts are never outlawed. If on account of unfortunate circumstances a man dies without paying his honest debts his wife or sons and daughters or more distant relatives feel that a moral obligation rests upon them which at such gatherings they dutifully discharge. The amount is paid in full with interest. This (the interest) is usually given as a "cultus potlatch" in which all who can get it take a share.

As there is more or less mixing up in marriages among the different tribes the bonds given and presents received on such ocasions have their peculiar place in such gatherings.

Enlarged photographs of dead relatives are at such times unveiled with ancient form and ceremony, while kind acts performed and brave deeds done are held in everlasting remembrance by those who are their lineal descendants.—Vancouver Sun.

She Rules by Appearing Not To.

There is one clever woman in Kansas City who is monarch of all she surveys solely through her tactful attitude as an old-fashioned domineered-over wife. She has a very meek way of asserting herself, which has all the force of a diplomat behind it, while her husband is very positive in what he says, but not so much so in what he does.

One evening last week their son, Robert, was getting his lessons on the dining room table and he needed a ruler to draw the straight lines of a diagram.

"Mamma," he called out, "have we a ruler in this house?"

"Yes, dearie," came the bland reply, "your father is in the library."

Sir Henry's Advice.

A former friend of Sir Henry Irving tells this little anecdote of him in the New York Times:

Sir Henry received a great number of trivial notes from all sorts of people. Most of them never got beyond his secretary, but one at least reached "the governor," who found that the writer complained that he was Sir Henry's double, and was continually being mistaken for him. This so annoyed the gentleman that he insisted on knowing what the famous actor intended to do about it.

Sir Henry sent an envelope containing a shilling and the terse advice, "Get your hair cut."

One of Life's Mysteries.

Nothing in the awful mystery of life and death is more inexplicable than the widening contrasts of human fortune. Why should one child be brought into the world to wealth, dignity and honor, and another child to squalor, penury and crime? Can these disparities of condition be mended through the political fabric? If we should place a man in the presidency for life, invested with all the powers needful to a wise and benevolent absolutism, could he change to any appreciable degree the existing order? Could he remotely reach the disease of sin and sloth, of greed and craft, of poverty and wealth so as to give the halt, the lame and the blind some chance against the healthy, the energetic and gifted?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Familiar Names.

Out of approximately 5,500 students listed in the college catalogue at Harvard fifty bear the name of Smith. The Browns are a poor second, with twenty-four representatives, but are tied with the numbers of the Davis family.

Above the Average.

Mrs. Wayupp—How much sleep do I need, doctor?

Doctor—Well, the average person needs about seven hours.

Mrs. Wayupp—Then I shall take about fourteen. I consider that I am [illegible] much above the average.—From [illegible] Library.

Must Make Way.

[illegible]h, Philadelphia, [illegible] be demolished [illegible]rtment house

ADJUSTING THE PARCELS POST RATES AND RULES

GEORGE L. WOOD
A. A. FISHER
ROBERT S. SHARP
JOHN C. KOONS
C. B. HURREY
PHOTO BY HARRIS & EWING

These are the men who are engaged in figuring out the rates and rules of the parcels post. Their work must be done by January 1, when the parcels post goes into effect. They are, from left to right: George L. Wood, superintendent of division of rural mail; A. A. Fisher, chief clerk to the second assistant postmaster-general; Robert S. Sharp, chief post office inspector; C. B. Hurrey, chief clerk to third assistant postmaster-general, and John C. Koons, superintendent of division of salaries and allowances.

VISION OF TITANIC

Great Disaster Pictured by W. T. Stead in 1886.

Enormous Loss of Life Predicted by the Distinguished English Journalist in His Own Newspaper.

London.—An investigator, searching for material for a biography of W. T. Stead, the Englishman who went down with the Titanic, has discovered a strange prediction of his own doom made by Mr. Stead in the Pall Mall Gazette on March 22, 1886.

This article, written by Mr. Stead, was headed, "How the Mail Steamer Went Down in Mid-Atlantic."

The article appeared a couple of days after the Oregon was lost, and purported to give a description of the scene of horror that ensued on the then biggest Atlantic liner, when at last the passengers realized the ship was doomed. In a footnote, Stead wrote:

"This is exactly what might take place and what will take place if the liners are sent to sea short of boats."

Here are some extracts from Stead's grim prediction:

"From below there came a queer sucking sound, with an occasional long gurgle, and I saw that the ship seemed to 'hang' as the seas met her.

"The boats were made fast to stand heavy weather, and only skilled sailors could launch them.

"I calculated that, by loading all the eight boats down to the water's edge and by packing the children along the bottom boards, we might accommodate 300 pepole. We were carrying 916 altogether.

"A loud crack, followed by a wallowing noise like a thunder, rendered all other sounds insignificant, and a captain who was going out to New York, said: 'The bulkhead's gone. We must take our chance.' The ship stopped nearly dead, and began to tremble curiously, but it was only the river of water pouring aft, and we soon saw the firemen driven up like rats from a burrow. 'Stand by the boats.'

"The order was given, and the boatswain's call rose in a long, tremulous screech. One of the starboard boats was successfully launched, and the officer stood, revolver in hand. 'Women first here. Thompson, you will steer her. Take four men and no more.' The young English lady was lowered down, although she clung to her father and begged him to let her stay. 'No, darling, goodbye. Be happy,' he said, and then stood composedly amid the hurly-burly."

By an extraordinary coincidence Stead describes the girl as "a dark beauty, about eighteen years of age." One could almost fancy that he saw as in a glass darkly the then yet unborn Mrs. John Jacob Astor.

"At last only one light boat remained, and still there were over 700 of us jammed in the narrow space left by the awful list. The captain has dropped his hands—he could do no more. One sailor said: 'We've stood it long enough, Tom. Let's have our turn.'

"And he, with three sturdy Swedes, managed to get at the davits. They were just in time, for the steamer began to sway as they floated, and they were all but swamped by the charge and leap of a crowd who flung themselves into the water. Then I was left with a great multitude, whose agonized clamor stunned me.

"I felt a mighty convulsive movement, then the sea seemed to flash down on me in one mass, as if the wall of water fell from a high crag. Then I heard a bumming noise in my ears, and with a gasp I was up amid a blackened, wriggling sheet of drowning creatures.

"A boat came past me and I struck out lustily. I raised myself to the gunwale. 'Shall I hit his fingers?' said a man. 'No, let him come,' and I laid, sick and dizzy, on the bottom boards of a crowded boat. You know that we were picked up after a nasty time."

The great journalist's friends would have wished that last sentence of his vivid forecast could have applied to his own case, when the mammoth White Star liner's "great multitude" were hurled to their ocean tomb.

PRUSSIA TO TAX BACHELORS

All Getting $750 a Year Up Will Be Specially Assessed for Remaining Single.

Berlin.—The Prussian diet is now giving its formal official consideration to a project for taxing bachelors. The original bill has been amended so as to make the tax effective only in the case of unmarried men whose income exceeds $750 a year.

Such men will be called upon in case the bill passes to pay a tax of from ten to twenty per cent higher than married men with corresponding incomes.

The bachelor tax will take the form of an income sur-tax. The idea of the legislators who are backing the bill is that men who have have to support wives or children ought not, in justice, be compelled to pay as much toward the support of the state as men who are leading the care-free, irresponsible lives of bachelors.

The project is fathered by the conservatives of the diet and has every prospect of becoming a law.

CLEARS CHESTNUT MYSTERY

Worm Girdles Tree and Stops Flow of Sap, Says Grower at Fleetwood, Pa.

Fleetwood, Pa.—William D. Becker, an extensive grower of chestnuts and peaches, of this town, says there is no such a thing as the chestnut blight, but that the chestnut trees are being killed by a small white worm, ranging in length from one-half to three-fourths of an inch and about one-eighth of an inch thick. This bores beneath the bark of the tree, leaving its excrement, which, when the limb or sapling is girdled, prevents the sap from ascending, and then the tree dies.

Becker says he has been a close observer for a number of years and finds that this destructive worm nearly always begins its work at the trunk of the tree. He also claims that the reason so many die is the killing of woodpeckers by boys, who, as soon as they get a gun, begin to exterminate the most useful bird-guardian of the forest. He claims to know dozens of trees in his neighborhood where he can show how this worm does its ravages.

U. S. HORSE DECLARED FIRST

Fico, Ridden by Lieutenant Adair, Leads Big Field in Broad Water Jump.

New York.—The United States won the international broad water jump at the horse show and Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt won the Nata challenge cup contest for the third year in succession with his Sir James, thereby taking possession of the trophy, valued at $850. The latter event was confined to amateurs driving their own horses attached to rigs. William P. Kearney, driving his splendid black stallion, Triumph, was given second prize, the reserve ribbon.

Fico, ridden by Lieut. H. R. Adair of the Tenth United States cavalry, outclassed thirty-five other horses, including several foreign entries, in the first-named event by jumping eighteen feet. Second prize went to Spes, ridden by Lieut. C. H. Labouchere of the Royal Holland Huzars, and the third to Deceive, exhibited by the United States Mounted Service school.

Mayor Elated by Gift.

Boston.—Mayor Fitzgerald, baseball fan extraordinary, is as happy as a school boy over the possession of the last ball used in the world series games.

CREW COMMITS HARA-KIRI

Six Japanese Sailors on British Bark Helpmate End Lives When Mikado Dies.

Rehavana, Java.—The British bark Helpmate, Captain Steers, arrived here from the north Borneo coast manned by an island crew of natives picked up by the skipper after his former crew, six Japanese, had committed hara-kiri upon the deck of the vessel after learning of the death and burial of the mikado.

Captain Steers says that he was proceeding from Pelori island to Zamara on the Borneo coast to complete his cargo of copra when he was hailed by the British barkentine Clyde Town, from the master of which he received a number of items of news, among them being the information of the Japanese emperor's death and burial.

Without realizing what it might mean, Captain Steers gave the tidings to the men, and immediately they were as stricken, raving about the ship and engaging in loud lamentations. When he remonstrated with them for allowing the bark to drift aimlessly they threatened his life and he said no more to them until he saw them gathered on the deck, each with a knife in his hand and stomach bared. The captain thereupon realized what was about to happen and came forth from his cabin with a repeating rifle, but the men paid no heed to him and upon a signal each killed himself.

The Helpmate, the captain alone alive on board, drifted helplessly, but finally made Hadgona bay without serious injury; and here Captain Steers succeeded, after some days, in prevailing upon enough natives to man his ship and sail it to this port.

WANT TO REBUILD TRAIL

Young Mormons Will Ask Utah Legislature to Appropriate Fund to Improve Old Highway.

Salt Lake City, Utah.—A movement has been started here by the Mutual Improvement association, a young people's organization of the Mormon church, to induce the state legislature to appropriate sufficient money to improve the "old Mormon trail" from the point where it enters Utah to Salt Lake City and make it a part of the proposed trans-continental automobile highway. The route which the young Mormon people are seeking to have made into an automobile highway was the trail over which Brigham Young led his followers when they entered the Great Salt Lake valley in 1874.

THROWS OUT RED HOT STOVE

Philadelphia Resident Also Whips His Wife and Spanks Two Sisters.

Philadelphia.—John Lepis, of 804 Buttonwood street, doesn't like to have his wife ask him for money on pay day. Just because Mrs. Lepis asked him for money he gave her a beating, then spanked his two sisters who went to the assistance of Mrs. Lepis, after which he proceeded to throw a red hot stove into the street.

He was finishing his house wrecking job by breaking the last whole window in the house when Policemen Nonamaker and Lukweine took him to the police station where he was locked up after the police had separated him from his pay envelope and given it to Mrs. Lepis.

BRAVE ROXY O'FALLON

She Is Called Miss Fireworks Because of Her Many Nervy Deeds.

By MAUD J. PERKINS.

Jimmy O'Fallon tried to straighten up and look his daughter in the eye. Roxy waved her whip in front of him airily, but decisively.

"You might just as well fall in, dad, because I shan't let you drive those horses tonight. You'd run the whole shooting match over the edge of Kitcat mountain, and I'd have the funeral to manage. Put him to bed, boys."

"I suppose you can drive?"

Roxy turned on her little high heels at the insult. With her eyes, clear, sparkling defiant eyes, she took in the full attire of this stranger who dared to ask her, Roxana O'Fallon, whether she could drive.

"I was born in a grub wagon," said Roxy, mildly. "I've driven horses all my life. Why? You afraid to go along?"

He looked amused. He was very tall, fearfully tall, standing beside five-foot-two of Miss O'Fallon. His heavy storm coat hung to his heels, and his fur cap gave him a ferocious look, too, Roxy decided with inward irritation. His mouth was wide and addicted to smiles. His eyes were gray and he appeared to be fairly civilized.

"I'm going. Do I have to ride inside?"

Roxy considered, her brows drawn tobether. Inside the coach were four passengers, two Jap workmen for the Orienta outfit, and a couple of men taking the short cut over the pass to make connections for Rawhide at Wagging Tail.

"It's pretty tough going some places, and there's a storm coming along about ten."

For answer he swung his grip up under the seat. It was heavy, and had seen plenty of travel. Roxy cast one farewell look at her father, sound asleep by the big stove, and followed the stranger out to the waiting team.

"Only two horses?" he asked, cheerily, as they started up Kitcat's petticoat ruffles, as Roxy called the lower ripple of foothills around the great peak.

"This ain't any circus outfit," Roxy retorted surlily. "You can't match that pair in Nevada. They'd go over this road with three legs apiece and no eyes at all. Where you from?"

"North." His tone was pleasant, but noncommittal. "Are you a Nevada girl?"

"Yes, I am, but my mother was from the east, Vermont. Father's a westerner. He's no good, but he's got nice ways when you know him. Everybody likes him along the route up here. Once in awhile he gets down and out like that, and then I drive."

"Aren't you afraid?"

"Of what?" Again her big eyes questioned him with almost indignation.

"You carry express parcels to the Orienta mines?"

"Sometimes. What of it? You've got the off night if you are after any," she laughed. "You don't look like a road agent. They're sending up stuff tomorrow, dad said. Suppose you stop over and take a chance then."

Silent for the next few miles, he thought of all he had left behind. Dewey, the superintendent of the Orienta had wired him of trouble. The Mexicans and whites kicked at the Oriental labor coming in. They would walk out at the lifting of a leader's hand. More, they would shoot the Japs and Chinese at the drop of a hat. And Brayton liked the Japs and Chinks, as he called them. They were faithful, sober, steady nerved, on the job, as Dewey said, while the others were forever shooting up the place, and carousing. He had come west to settle it. If he could have had American labor, it would have been all right, but this filling the camp with the riffraff of Europe and the border, he refused.

He glanced back at his baggage on top of the coach. Two trunks, long and heavy, so heavy that back at the station, the men who lifted them, had spoken among themselves. So was the grip heavy.

Presently Roxy spoke, almost confidentially.

"I know a real man when I see one. You're all right. So are the Japs, but those other two! If I had money aboard tonight, I'd drive with the reins between my teeth, and a six shooter in each hand. That's only my talk. Don't mind it a bit. We're all right. They look like Italians, don't they?"

"They're not after money if they are," said Brayton, quietly. "All you have to do if they start trouble, is to say, 'Here he is, gentlemen,' and drive on."

Roxy smiled at him.

"Yes, I'd be likely to do that. What's your name?"

"Max Brayton."

She whistled softly at the name.

"So, you did come out, after all. I didn't think you had the nerve. They're starting things up at the mine already. Dewey got hurt last night. Oh, just through the shoulder," as he gave a sharp exclamation.

"Why didn't you think I'd come?"

"I don't know." Her glance measured him again. "I had an idea you were pretty soft and easygoing. Dad says your father was a good fighter, but he was a westerner, wasn't he? You're from New York."

"You bet I am," said Brayton, thankfully. "And I've come to stay and see this thing through. I'll hire any workman I want to so long as he is capable and faithful and delivers the goods, and I won't put up with a pack of snarling, unskilled, imported yelpers if they blow up the whole mines to try and make me."

Roxy's palm swung out to meet his.

"I'm your pal," she said. "But dad says they'll surely get you if you come here."

"Will they?" repeated Brayton, grimly. "Well, I'm here."

"Dewey is worrying because they haven't firearms up there. Dad and I've been smuggling some in for him. The men named me Fireworks. I don't care. Mr. Dewey's been mighty good to dad, and he's straight, too."

"You're smuggling more in tonight, Miss Fireworks," said Brayton. "My grip here's full of bullets, and the trunks are packed with rifles."

"Bully for you," gasped Roxy. She leaned forward from the box as the coach turned a dizzy point at the brink of a canyon. It was getting hard to see the road with the first swirling flakes of snow.

"There's a man standing in the road ahead," said Brayton.

"It's a tree stump. We're five miles up Kitcat. There isn't a living creature up this way. Ouch! Did it get you?"

She had ducked her head at the whistling bullet. Brayton was unhurt. He tried to take the reins from her as the horses backed. She gave them the whip, and shook off his hold. As the pair plunged forward there came the sound of shots inside the coach, and a high pitched yell. Roxy shoved a revolver into Brayton's hands.

"I'll drive," she cried. "You keep them off."

He fired at the figure that swung on the off bay's bridle, and it fell by the road. A bullet left a sting of fire along his cheek, and he turned to face a rifle barrel leveled from the rocks. Suddenly there came an answering report, this time from the top of the coach. Behind the two trunks crouched one of the Japs, firing with decision and much careful selection.

"One is finished," he remarked. "There are not many."

With Roxy's steadying, familiar grip on the reins, the bays rallied, and took the old turn without a break or stumble, even with the shots humming about them, and below the road, a fall of 700 feet. Half a mile farther on Roxy turned her head and mopped off her forehead with one hand.

"I lost my hat," she said, regretfully.

"Shall I go back for it?" Brayton laid one hand on the railing beside him, ready to drop down. "You're the pluckiest little pal I ever knew. They'd have had us sure if it hadn't been for the way you handled the horses. The Japs have wounded one inside, and bound the other like a trussed turkey. They are two of the men Dewey discharged. The Jap tells me the others took to the hills here, ready to fall on the camp and wipe it off the earth."

Roxy nodded.

"I knew," she said, gravely. "Dad told me about them. He saw them last time he drove through the pass here. And they said they'd get you when you came."

"Did they know I was coming tonight?"

Again the nod.

"Somebody shadowed you all the way up from New York. Dad heard some of the men talking, and he told me. I knew you right away when you got off the train, and so I wanted to drive the coach tonight."

For a minute he could not speak. "Then, you deliberately drove tonight to try and help me?"

"The horses mind me better than they do dad," she said, calmly. "He gets awfully fussed up when there's any shooting."

"Do you mind if I try to see you when I come down after this trouble's over?"

"Don't rush me when I'm driving. It makes me awfully cross," said Roxy, severely.

Brayton grinned down at her proudly, delightedly.

"I'll bet you anything I marry you inside of six months, Miss Fireworks."

"I don't care if you do," she said. "You can do all the shooting, if you let me hold the reins."

DIFFERENCE IS IN METHODS

Sir Thomas Lipton Condemns British Salesmanship While He Extols That of America.

Sir Thomas Lipton, in an interview in New York, praised American salesmanship.

"The excellence of your salesmanship," he said, "is doubtless due to the high salaries paid, these high salaries drawing into the work a very high class of men.

"Even your book salesmen are good—and good book salesmanship is a rare thing.

"There's a concern in England that runs about a thousand book stalls. These stalls are manned by poor little boys of nine or ten years—poor little shabby, dirty-fingered boys who earn about 10 bob, or $2.50 a week. And what a job they make of book salesmanship, to be sure!

"I once went up to a stall and said to the little boy who was lunching behind the counter on cold cocoa and bread:

"'Have you got Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" here?'

"Setting down his cocoa cup the little fellow answered, with a voluble and pathetic attempt at smart book salesmanship:

"'No, sir, we ain't got it. That is, sir, we ain't got it at this stall, sir. You see, we're tryin' it out at a few of our larger stalls to see how it goes. If it makes a hit why, then we'll have it here, sir.'"